Whereon I doe beſeech thee grant me this,
To leaue me but a little to my ſelfe.
Def. Shall I deny you? no, farewell my Lord.
Oth. Farewell my *Deſdemona*, I'le come to thee ſtraight.
Def. *Emillia*, come, be it as your fancies teach you,
What ere you be I am obedient. *Exeunt* Def. *and* Em.
Oth. Excellent wretch, perdition catch my ſoule,
But I doe loue thee, and when I loue thee not,
Chaos is come againe.
Iag. My noble Lord.
Oth. What doeſt thou ſay *Iago?*
Iag. Did *Michael Caſsio* when you wooed my Lady,
Know of your loue?
Oth. He did from firſt to laſt: —Why doeſt thou aske?
Iag. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No further harme.
Oth. Why of thy thought *Iago?*
Iag. I did not thinke he had been acquainted with her.
Oth. O yes, and went between vs very oft.
Iag. Indeed?
Oth. Indeed? I indeed, deſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iag. Honeſt my Lord? *Oth.* Honeſt? I honeſt.
Iag. My Lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou thinke?
Iag. Thinke my Lord?
Oth. Thinke my Lord? why doſt thou ecchoe me,
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhowne: Thou doſt meane ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, thou lik'ſt not that,
When *Caſsio* left my wife: what didſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſell,
In my whole courſe of wooing, thou cridſt indeed?
And didſt contract, and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut vp in thy braine,
Some horrible conceit: If thou doeſt loue me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iag. My Lord you know I loue you.

Oth.

Oth. I thinke thou doeſt,
And for I know, thou art full of loue a
And weigheſt thy words, before thou
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright n
For ſuch things in a falſe diſloyall kna
Are tickes of cuſtome; but in a man
They are cloſe dilations, working fron
That paſſion cannot rule.
Iag. For *Michael Caſsio*,
I dare be ſworne, I thinke that he is h
Oth. I thinke ſo too.
Iag. Men ſhould be what they ſeem
Or thoſe that be not, would they migh
Oth. Certaine, men ſhould be wha
Iag. Why then I thinke *Caſsio's* an
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this,
I prethee ſpeake to me, as to thy think
As thou doeſt ruminate, and giue thy w
The worſt of words.
Iag. Good my Lord pardon me;
Though I am bound to euery act of du
I am not bound to that all ſlaues are fr
Vtter my thoughts: Why, ſay they are
As where's that pallace, whereinto fou
Sometimes intrude not? Who has a bre
But ſome vncleanly apprehenſions,
Keepe leetes and law-dayes, and in ſeſs
With meditations lawfull?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt th
If thou but thinkeſt him wrongd, and m
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iag. I doe beſeech you,
Though I perchance am vicious in my
(As I confeſſe it is my natures plague,
To ſpy into abuſes, and oft my iealouſie
Shapes faults that are not:) that your w
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Would take no notice, nor build your ſe

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Othello* (STC 22306) LONDON, 1630 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k.